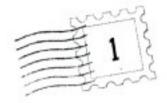


The Great Egyptian Grave Robbery



## A Letter for Stanley

George Lambchop was sitting at the kitchen table, going through the mail as his wife cooked breakfast. "Look at these beauties, Harriet!" he called, holding up a letter with many exotic stamps in the corner. "From Egypt!"

Ever since their eldest son, Stanley, had been flattened by a bulletin board and could now travel by mail, the Lambchop family had become keenly interested in stamps.

"In a minute, dear," Mrs. Lambchop said. "I'm just at the difficult part of flipping this French toast. A letter from Egypt, you say! Why don't you open it and read it to me."

Mr. Lambchop began to do just that, but then he caught himself. "That was a close one!" he cried. "It's a federal offense to open mail that's addressed to someone else. This letter is for Stanley!"

Just then, both Lambchop boys appeared in the doorway, drawn by the delicious aroma of French toast and bacon.

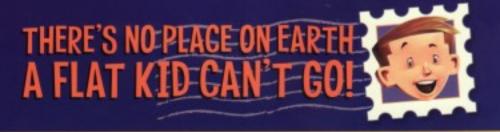
"Stanley, son, letter for you here. Looks important."

"What about me?" Stanley's younger brother, Arthur, asked. "Any mail for me today?"

"Not today, sorry," Mr. Lambchop replied. "But, Stanley, why don't you open yours and read it to us over breakfast."

"After breakfast," Mrs. Lambchop said firmly. "And hand washing. You know how maple syrup gets all over everything."

The boys finished their breakfast



## ANCIENT PYRAMIDS CAN BE FLAT-OUT DANGEROUS!

board, there are places he can get to that no one else can. So when Stanley receives a letter from an archaeologist, he travels by airmail to Egypt to help find an ancient treasure deep in the heart of a great pyramid. But what if even the flattest boy on earth can't wriggle out of this dark tomb—and the terrible mess he finds himself in?

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